

Tulsa Daily World

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J. Harry Holmes, Circulation Manager of
THE TULSA DAILY WORLD, being duly
sworn upon oath, do solemnly swear that
the above statement is true to the best of
his knowledge and belief.

HARRY HOLMES,
Circulation Manager.
Subscribed to and sworn to before me this
first day of December 1915.
WILLIAM WHITTEMORE,
Notary Public.

My commission expires June 17, 1919.
NOTE: This circulation statement does
not include any extra or special editions but
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THE TULSA DAILY WORLD.

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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC
Any erroneous reflection upon the char-
acter, standing or reputation of any person,
firm or corporation which may appear in the
columns of The World will be gladly cor-
rected, upon its being brought to the atten-
tion of the publisher.

811 DAYS

Have elapsed since the day on which
the city has not a proper supply
of good water suitable for drinking
purposes, but that the water depart-
ment has not up to this time deliv-
ered it to the mains.

The contention of The World is not
that the city has not a proper supply
of good water suitable for drinking
purposes, but that the water depart-
ment has not up to this time deliv-
ered it to the mains.

Alas, to scrip is human; also to
crowd around to get a look.

It's usually catching—the czar has
also removed a commander.

British war bulletin: The Darda-
nelles will remain closed until further
notice.

Official Europe doesn't laugh at
Ford—just turns a marble shoulder
to him.

Col. Henry Whitemore is having a
honeymoon, too—following his golden
wedding.

No matter where they start from,
those seeking vice never have to go
far to find it.

With so many crowing hens it's
only to be expected that there should
be some cocking roosters.

Expectant southern delegates to the
Chicago convention are reported to be
wondering who's to pay the freight.

Even at this giving season few
adults can honestly claim to have got-
ten something worth having for
nothing.

Anyhow, the Kaiser's name for that
Polish town—Modlin—is easier to
pronounce than its old Russian name,
Novogorodsk.

Looks like a good odds-on bet
that Bryan will find engagements too
pressing to permit his joining the
Fordites in Europe.

Most Germans must have guessed
before being told by the secretary of
the Imperial treasury that their war
taxes will be "colossal."

If we get Lloyd-George's aid, the
only chance the British government
has to win lies in getting better sup-
port from organized labor.

It wasn't strange that Premier As-
quith wouldn't join in a parliament-
ary peace law, though it would
have been had he done so.

After investigating the American
embassy reports prison camps in Ger-
many satisfactory, though that
doesn't mean the prisoners find them
so.

A lot of Democratic congressmen
are acting as though more anxious to
know what constituents want them to
do than to do what Wilson wants
done.

According to one of them, a woman
doctor must be good looking to suc-
ceed in practice. That seems tough
on those stronger on brains than
looks.

The British ambassador should
know American intelligence better. To
listen to him, we should be glad of
the war, because it has increased our
exports.

Ex-Congressman Hill of Illinois
says offices are "mausoleums of am-
bition." True enough, but that
doesn't lessen the number trying to

CURRENT COMMENT

Another holiday season has gone
by, and Tulsa has again made good
her record for generously and
graciously looking after the poor
within her borders. The people of
Tulsa are largely a prosperous peo-
ple, and with that they are not of the
cold-hearted plutocrat breed. They
realize that money is good not only
for the comforts and luxuries it
brings, but for the superlative bless-
ings of taking joy and comfort to
those who cannot buy. And as the
year we have always with us, there
is always opportunity for the exercise
of benevolent inclinations. Most im-
portant of all is that general feeling
that wealth was not allotted to a man
for his sole selfish exploitation, but
that the possession involved an obli-
gation to look after the welfare of
those who are not blessed with like
opportunities. That this sentiment is
prevailing and finds practical and gen-
erous application is a matter for con-
gratulation. This is not saying that
Tulsa is proud of her record, though
comparison with other cities might
incline us to boast, for it is not con-
sistent to brag of doing anything that
is our plain duty to do. Yet we
cannot resist the suggestion that
Tulsa is a mighty good community to
live in, and that its people average up
away above the standard of morality
and demonstrable Christianity main-
tained ordinarily by a city of forty
thousand people. It is not alone at
Christmas time, either, that our peo-
ple are thoughtful of the "submerged
tenth"; but benevolence and good will
are not wanting for the other 364
days of the year.

That the press is in some sense a
guardian of public liberty, but in no
sense a regulator of personal morals,
is the opinion expressed by an es-
teemed contemporary. There is little
doubt but what the editor is right,
and there are many reasons why it
should be so. The first part of the
proposition needs no comment, for it
is a well-recognized fact, and the es-
sential disclosure of some news-
papers that will sell out their birth-
right for political advantage or per-
sonal vindictiveness only make
the exceptions that prove the rule. As to
the latter clause, the newspaper that
undertakes to regulate or censor the
personal morality of its constituency
is going to find its days few and full
of trouble. It stands as an economic
necessity that a newspaper can only
afford to be just a little better than
the community that supports it. The
publication that champions a special
cause has its good uses, but it is in a
different class from the newspaper
proper. The newspaper must print
the news, but not all the news. If it
descended to the level of a scandal-
monger, it would soon forfeit respect,
even if its editor kept out of jail. The
editor must know lots of things he
does not print. Yet on the other
hand, he cannot afford to take a
stand far in advance of his constitu-
ency. He may have high ideals and
noble aspirations, but he must break
them gently and modify his flights to
a degree that will command the at-
tention and respect of his readers.
The average man buys a paper to be
informed and entertained. If he finds
himself continually lectured and re-
proved he feels a resentment and dis-
gust that kills any good effect the
editor might have intended. The
newspaper should lead the commu-
nity in good things, but it must not
get too far in advance of the proce-
dure.

There are not wanting at any time
writers who deplore the decadence of
the English language, especially its
dilution with such a large percentage
of slang words and phrases. There
can be no lack of sympathy with such
protests on the part of any intelligent
reader, yet all must agree that pro-
test is futile unless it suggests a prac-
tical remedy. The fact is that this
dilution, or corruption if you please,

ABE MARTIN



Th' young wife who kin properly
brown fried mush in no immediate
danger o' cruel an' inhuman treat-
ment. Lawson Tanager died in jail
today. He wuz a feller who might

is something that has been going on
for ages. It is not exclusively a prod-
uct of modern conditions, although
the various idioms of the trades and
the rag-time concentration of the
sporting man's talk have given the
process a tremendous impetus. This
process of building up the language
by uncouth and ill-used acronyms is
evidenced in any dictionary, where
the provincialisms and oddities of one
era are recorded as the authorized ex-
pressions of a later generation. Every
English word that in definition has
gone astray from its derivative mean-
ing, and they are legion, to an ex-
istence of this evolution. Hundreds of
our words in common and accepted
use would have sounded objection-
able to the scholars of two or three
centuries ago, and hundreds more
have so lost their former meanings
that they would not be understood as
we understand them. All of this is
in the same class as our present use
of slang, and the process goes on ir-
resistibly. There is no remedy in lec-
turing or protesting. There is little
to be gained even in a judicious
selection of reading matter. Most im-
portant of all is the example set be-
fore the little children. They are
natural copyists, and if parents and
teachers are habitually careless in ex-
pression the children will reproduce
the fault and form habits that later
efforts will hardly be able to break.
If you want to fight slang, begin by
purifying your own speech.

The statement is made on good au-
thority that 70 per cent of our tax-
ation today is direct, at the same time
that 85 per cent of our imports of
foreign goods are on the free list and
render no revenue to the government.
This is the policy of a tariff for "re-
venue only" as opposed to protection.
It does not yield the needed revenue,
and the deficit must be made up by
direct taxation of the American citi-
zen, instead of taxing the foreigner
who wishes the privilege of selling his
goods on the American market. In-
stead of relieving our citizens of the
tax burden by reducing the tariff, the
burden has been vastly increased.
When Mr. Wilson signed the Under-
wood tariff law with flourish alike of
pen and phrase and in the presence
of the Democratic leaders of congress,
one of the statements made by the
president was like this: "The new
law will collect revenue sufficient to
run the government." The echoes of
these words had hardly died away be-
fore the same Democratic leaders
were hunting for means to increase
the revenue. They hit upon the "war
tax" and announced that it would be
necessary to collect it but for one
year. Now they say it is necessary
to continue it, and to adopt new
methods of taxation as well. It will
be necessary, they say now, to tax oil,
gasoline, automobiles and all internal
combustion engines. Little by little
the tax burden is to be put on
heavier, as fast as the people will
stand for it. Such is the penalty of
Democratic rule—the way of the tax-
payer is hard and ever growing
harder.

THE ETERNAL VERITIES.

Not long ago some writer of a
philosophic turn of mind asserted
that nothing in this world was fixed
and immutable, not even truth; that
this supposedly unassailable principle
was constantly changing with the
march of the ages and was different
now from what it was several hun-
dred years ago. This sounds like the
ranked sort of heresy, a philoso-
phical leucism as it were, but the
case is not so serious as it appears at
first glance. The fact is, what the
writer probably meant would have
been a self-evident truth of itself, but
he got his wires of logic crossed when
he undertook to express what was in
his mind. Many of the most bitter
controversies in history have been
waged over just such misapprehen-
sions as this. People who fundamen-
tally believed alike were at such in-
discreet variance in expression that
each thought the other's position un-
tenable and proceeded to assault it
with all the logical and rhetorical
ammunition at his command. Churches
have been split, nations
plunged into dissension and even wars
fought with no greater excuse than a
purely metaphysical conflict that did
not really affect the integrity of the
principle at stake.

So in this question, the assertion
that truth was changeable and unre-
liable elicited a storm of protest from
those who were concerned enough to
give the matter a second thought. To
make us believe that truth was not
absolutely fixed and unchangeable
seemed like cutting away from under
us all the foundations of religion,
science and philosophy at one swoop.
If truth was not permanent and reli-
able, there was nothing left for us to
tie to, and we were doomed to float
on a boundless sea of chance without
rudder or compass. In fact, if truth
were robbed of its permanent char-
acter, there was not even a harbor
for us to put into. We could only
hope to be cast away on a desert
island of blind luck, without any les-
sons from the past or any hope for

anything that is lovely or desirable in
life would be cast into the scrap-
heap of exploded fallacies, and there
would be nothing left for us but to
take what fell to our lot without any
ambition to improve our condition
either here or hereafter.

But that is not what the writer in-
tended to say. Truth, indeed, as re-
gards the principles of verity, is fixed
and immutable, the same yesterday,
today and forever. No mutations of
human affairs, no freak of nature can
alter one jot or tittle. But, and here
is where our philosopher friend
comes in, the popular understanding
of what truth is, as well as altered
conditions necessitating altered con-
ceptions of truth, are ever changing.
What was once hailed as absolute truth
is now known to be only part of the
truth, or at least subject to debate.
Some of the so-called "truths" of past
ages have been shown to be false-
hoods. But because people at one
time were mistaken, either entirely
or in part, in their conclusions, does
not prove by any means that truth is
any less true. With the growth of
knowledge, with the habit of "prov-
ing all things" and "holding fast that
which is good," we have been forced
to revise our estimates of truth in
many particulars. Future generations
must needs advance still more and
look back with pity on the benighted
brings who lived in the twentieth cen-
tury. Knowledge and wisdom will in-
crease, but truth will still be truth.

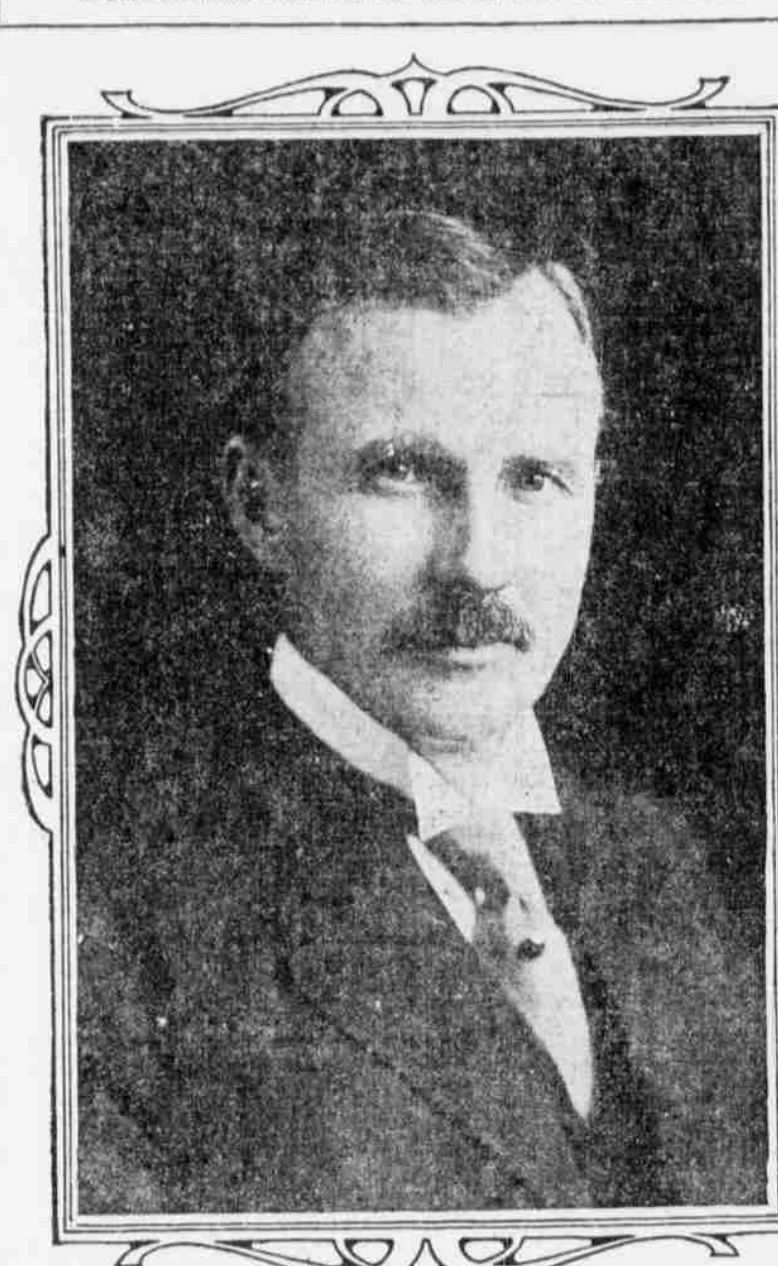
We are living in quite a different
world from that of Socrates or Plato.
Human nature is very much the same,
but circumstances and conditions are
widely at variance. Truth has never
changed, but in keeping step with the
progress of the ages we are continu-
ally forced to modify our estimates of
things and to make new applications
of old principles. We have no new
principles—just the old ones worked
over to fit in new surroundings.
Every principle of human conduct
was propounded by the Man of Gal-
ilee, but our work is to apply those
principles to present-day life. The
Jews of old worshipped a God of dis-
pensations, of laws and penalties; the
Christians claim a God of love and
forgiveness—yet it is the same God,
only from a different viewpoint. So
with all truth, of which God is the
author and enforcer, there has been
no change in the principle, but man
has shifted his viewpoint. We know
more about truth, perhaps; we are
learning more every day; yet doubt-
less in years to come there may be
some to hold to the fallacy that truth
has changed, when it is only them
that have changed their intellectual
spectacles and fail to recognize an old
acquaintance.

THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER.

One of the things that has militated
against the building up of a better
American army with young men of
integrity and spirit is that it holds
out no prospect of usefulness except
the benefit that may be derived from
a period of training and discipline.
When the time of his enlistment has
expired he has not gained in anything
that would enable him to go forth
and do good service as a private citi-
zen. Very often he finds that mili-
tary life has really unfitted him for
the ordinary duties of citizenship and
he is forced to return to the service
as the only occupation that insures
him a livelihood without having to
commence at the bottom and learn
some new vocation. The wonder is
that the recruiting offices in recent
years have been able to secure such
an improved class of young men, even
with their methods of judicious se-
lection and endless eliminations. Yet,
with here and there an exception, the
average remains low and the recruit-
ing office is under a constant strain
to secure even passable men. And
quite naturally, for what is there
about the army today in our prosper-
ous and peaceful country to attract
a spirited, ambitious, eager young
man who wants to utilize his forma-
tive years? In a time of national
peril patriotism would be an incentive
for him to enlist; but with nothing
glorious for the army to do, the mere
fact that more soldiers are needed is
hardly enough to induce the right
kind of young men to bury them-
selves for several years in an army
post and come out without any
knowledge or qualification that will
help them to better play a civilian's
part. We talk glibly about getting a
big army, but how are we going to
get the soldiers if we don't do some-
thing to make soldiering more
worthy of an intelligent man's time?
What have we to offer him in return
for his sacrifice?

A writer in one of our metropoli-
tan papers suggests a remedy, by
having him devote half his time to
learning the arts of war and the
other half to preparing himself to
take up other vocations when his
time expires. For instance, let him
get his military training in the fore-
noons, but let the afternoons be de-
voted to the study of such branches
as he may elect, ranging from gram-
mar school requirements to advanced
college work. The expense of such a
change would be trivial, but its ef-

HONORABLE RALPH H. CAMERON OF ARIZONA



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Former Congressional Delegate Cameron of Arizona is Republican national
committee man from his state, and a national political figure. Con-
cerning the coming presidential campaign, Mr. Cameron recently said: "When
it comes to selecting a candidate for the presidency, I believe the choice will
fall upon Senator John W. Weeks of Massachusetts. Senator Weeks has been
in the west. He has met our people, and I can say with truth that he made
the biggest impression of any of the men who are aspirants for the presi-
dency."

listed men and the growth of new en-
listments would be marked. Instead
of learning to be occupied without
occupation, the soldier would have
the mental stimulus of a goal to work
to, something not only to improve
present conditions, but provide a
more encouraging outlook for the fu-
ture. It will strengthen his moral
nature as well, and there is little
doubt his military duties would be at-
tended to with greater zest. Give a
man something to strive for and his
thoughts will turn more to the inner
merit of things, and less to the out-
ward show which in times of peace is
the predominant feature of military
life.

While this plan must improve the
soldiers themselves and make them
better citizens, it also stands to rea-
son that the recruiting offices would
enroll a better class of recruits and
a great many more of them. Men of
ambition and self-discipline, men with
foresight and stability of character
will be found ready to sacrifice pres-
ent comfort for future reward. Stu-
dents have always proven especially
eager to join the colors when war ac-
tually came, but slow to enlist on the
bare future prospect of their being
needed. They would come in large
numbers where they could combine
military service with educational
training. Fighting is a moral quality
rather than a physical one. The type
of man who fights when he has to,
and only then, is the moral type. We

need our army filled with serious-
minded, conscientious men. How dif-
ferent must be the thoughts of a man
who enters the army in such a spirit
as against the ideals of one who takes
up "soldiering" as a profession. The
new type of soldier would be one
ready to fight, glad to fight if war
comes, but by preference a civilian
and prepared to fill a civilian's place.

While levying new taxes congress
might make them lighter by abolish-
ing a few costly and practically use-
less federal commissions, but it's a
100 to 1 shot it won't.

Talk as they may about the candi-
date's being nominated on the floor
of the Chicago convention, the fellow
that fails to get an advance strangle-
hold will not be heavily backed by
betters.

An Awful Nightmare.

"Doesn't it make you shudder to
think what would happen if the Ger-
mans ever conquered England?" said
Bilthers.
"Tight," shivered Silthers. "My fa-
vorite nightmare is that I am sitting
on top of a powder barrel clad in my
pajamas watching the Kaiser removing
Shakespeare's dust from the church at
Stratford-on-Avon with a vacuum
cleaner."—New York Times.

She Bluffed Him.

"Whenever Mr. and Mrs. Twobble
quarrel Mr. Twobble threatens to see
his lawyer." "Well, does he ever go
to his lawyer?" "No." "Why not?"
"I think it's because Mrs. Twobble
dares him to."—Birmingham Age-
Herald.

AT A PARADE.

The flag went by. Not one uncovered
head.
Paid tribute to the memory of its
dead.
Although its scarlet stripes glow vivid
still,
As when they dripped with blood at
Bunker Hill.
The flag went by, its bars of purest
white
Unsuited as the deathless ideals
bright
For which our forebears bled, and
every star
Gleaned on its azure field, like hope
afar,
That leads men upward—seems no
light too steep
For those to scale, who safe their
birthright keep.

The flag went by. Its passage seemed
to me
A strain exquisite from a threnody
That mourned the passing of those
heroes bold
Who fought beneath its silken folds,
of old.
The flag went by. I surely dreamed
the note
Of sweetest melody that seemed to
float.
And, quivering, suspended high in air
Above the thoughtless crowds that
gathered there
To watch the pageant; for I saw no
sign
That any other soul had thrilled with
mine!

Where is the patriotic fire that
flamed
Midst snows at Valley Forge? Are men
ashamed
To render public homage to the sign
And symbol of a nation's soul, divine
And deathless? It is comforting to
know
In '76, at least, it was not so!
History chronicles, for all to see,
It was not so in 1863!
Does our blood crawl so sluggishly
today
That we, unmoved that emblem can
survey?

Hate off! It is your own, your coun-
try's flag!
On many battlefields, a tattered rag
It fluttered proudly: triumph or
defeat
For right it did not hesitate to meet.
It is the symbol of the hopes and
fears,
Struggles, attainments of a hundred
years
And almost two score more. It is the
sum
Of what we aim to be, what we have
done,
Or hope to do—and yet I saw no eye
Kindle, no hand salute—
The Flag went by!
—Beatrice Barry in New York Times.

THE HARVEST LINE.

Warrior to whom the wheat bows a
comely head,
Conquerors, whose kindly steel wins
the world its bread,
Polar zone and polar zone bound the
battle-plain
Where ye strive and famine flies,
reapers of the grain!
South to north your legions march, up
the rolling spurs;
Every day is harvest day, somewhere,
all the year,
Though our northern fields may sleep
locked in frost and time
Somewhere, ever-gracious earth rings
with harvest-time.

Close in summer's fragrant wake,
through the waving lands,
Tramping up our spinning globe come
the reaper bands,
Ranged from sunset Oregon east to
broad Cathay.
Twenty miles, forty miles, sixty miles
a day,
Million-armed, the sun-browned host
moves with one design:
Northward, ever northward, rolls the
world's great harvest line.

Argentina's plains were reaped as the
year began,
March: Her dusky harvesters bil-
lowed Hindustan,
April: Tawny Mexico hailed the
troop's advance,
June: The steady cradles-cythes
swept the dunes of France,
August: North to Idaho barn and bin
at the wheel of Hindustan,
Last, in far Canadian vales, gleams a
sturdy horde.

Up the world, round the world, up the
world again
Swings the never-resting steel that
wins the food of men,
Million-armed, a sun-browned host
moves with one design:
Northward, ever northward, rolls the
world's great harvest line,
—Arthur Gulterman in the Youth's
Companion.

JUST A THOUGHT.

Sometimes a man becoming too
enthused
With some idea he wishes to divulge,
Is almost frantic in his efforts
To expound it to a listening friend.
He takes him by the arm and
squeezes tight,
Profusely making gestures in his
face,
Emphasizing each important word
With painful finger punches in the
ribs.
If he but knew that he was spoiling
all
He said with this diverting fit,
Destroying all the meaning of his
words
With useless, almost comic gesture-
ment.
He would perhaps be satisfied to
Speak in English and refrain from
all
This sawing in the air and hammering
The harmless body of his patient
victim.
—W. K. HALBERT.

PRIDE.

There's a pride of blood ancestral
And renown of noble name
That hath earned a place terrestrial
On the trumpet blast of fame.
Yet full oft that pride were better
If instead 'twere deep chagrin,
That a want of worth should fetter
Blood come down from nobler men.

There's a pride of earthly station
That ne'er heeds the why and how
May have come the high gradation
And the chaplet honored brow.
There's a pride of dollars many
That is strongest found in those
Who have never earned a penny
Or an honest night's repose.

But the pride that wins our favor
As the race of life we run,
And brings joy its sweetest flavor
Is the pride of duty done;
For it never leaves a rancor
In the heart it would befriend,
But gives faith a steadfast anchor
That will hold unto the end.
—JOHN L. MAYNARD, Okmulgee

A Postponed Engagement.
Employer (to office boy)—William,
I have business out of town this after-
noon, and may be detained several
hours. If anybody should call—Office
Boy—There ain't no bull name today.
Mr. Spotsch, Employer (feying im-
sternly)—I said nothing about the
bull game, William. However, my
business is such that it can wait until

IDLE TALK

BY THE

TOWN CRITIC

Two brothers grow from babyhood;
And breathe the same refreshing air,
And eat the same digestive food:
One reads the books the other reads,
And each may have the same desires;
The same temptations come to both,
And everything they see and hear
Is equal in its tendencies;
But one is mild and gentle, kind,
The other vulgar, rough and coarse;
And such is nature everywhere,
E'en by the cool and sparkling brook,
The poisoned ivy grows and clings,
And from the same rich fertile soil,
The lily with its fragrance springs.